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SPARKLING

NO. 16

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WHITE SULTAN
HELL'S ANGELS

STARS

K.N.C.

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DETECTIVE CLICK HUNT

CLICK HUNT, ACE DETECTIVE,
LEAVES HIS NEW YORK BEAT AND
PLUNGES DEEP INTO THE DANGER-
OUS FORBIDDEN SWAMP-JUNGLE
OF THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS TO
SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF
THE SCORPION MURDER!



THERE'S YOUR
CUE, ARIZONA.
GO KNOCK 'EM
DEAD.

KNOCKING 'EM DEAD
IS YOUR BUSINESS,
NOT MINE. I'LL JUST
SING.

MR. SKORP, A MAN
JUST LEFT A
PACKAGE IN
YOUR OFFICE.

I'D TOSS THAT WISE DAME
OUT ON HER EAR IF SHE
WASN'T SUCH A GOOD
DRAW FOR THE
CUSTOMERS.

THE MAN SAID THE
PACKAGE WAS
SOME KIND OF
SURPRISE!

TOO LIGHT
TO BE A BOMB
OR ANYTHIN'--
PROBABLY SOME
GAG THE BOYS
COOKED UP!



THE PACK-
AGE IS OPENED
AND--

WHAT TH--BUGS!!
SCORPIONS!!!



GET AWAY! OUCH!
HELP!! SOMEBODY
GET THESE THINGS
OFF ME! HELP!!

WHAT IN
THE WORLD?!



HE'S FAINTED!

LOOK OUT!
THOSE SCORPIONS
ARE POISONOUS!



CALL THE
CORONER!
SKORP IS
DEAD!



SO ARE ALL THE
SCORPIONS. THIS
DDT INSECTICIDE
SURE WORKS FAST.

ANY IDEA WHO DID IT, LIEUT. HUNT?

NOT YET. CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY IT HAPPENED, THO'. SKORP WAS A BIG-TIME GANGSTER.



YOU'RE DEAD WRONG, SISTER. BUT I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR THE CRACK. SKORP DID GET AWAY WITH MURDER.

ANYBODY MIGHT HAVE KILLED HIM, BUT I KNOW THAT SKORP WAS WORRIED ABOUT FRENCHY MOREAU.



YEAH, SKORP WAS IN ARIZONA A FEW YEARS BACK AND THIS FRENCHY HAD DISCOVERED OIL IN LOUISIANA AND GONE TO SKORP FOR BACKING. SKORP SWINDLED HIM OUT OF THE OIL LAND AND HAD HIM SHANGHAIED TO JAIL.



YOU'VE BEEN WORKING HERE QUITE SOME TIME, ARIZONA. ANY IDEA WHO'D WANT TO KILL SKORP?

SURE. MOST ANYONE WHO KNEW HIM--INCLUDING MYSELF. I GUESS YOU COPS ARE SORRY HE'S GONE. NO MORE EASY GRAFT FROM THAT SOURCE.



FRENCHY JUST GOT OUT OF THE ARIZONA PRISON AND HE'D SWORN TO GET SKORP.



FRENCHY HAD A BAD RECORD SO IT WAS NO TRICK TO FRAME HIM. I MET SKORP IN ARIZONA. HE BROUGHT ME HERE TO SING IN HIS NIGHT-CLUB.

FRENCHY WAS FROM LOUISIANA, EH? THE SWAMPS THERE ARE FULL OF SCORPIONS. IT ADDS UP.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, LT. HUNT?
TO LOUISIANA???

DON'T BE
SURPRISED.

A FEW DAYS LATER----

THAT ARIZONA GIRL IS CUTE---I'LL
HAVE TO PAY HER A CALL AFTER
THIS LOUISIANA TRIP IS OVER.

--AND STILL LATER--

CAN'T DRIVE NO FURTHER,
MISTER. ROAD'S TOO BAD.
YOU'LL FIND FRENCHY'S SHACK
UP AHEAD A WAY. KEEP A
SHARP LOOKOUT FOR 'GATERS
AND COTTONMOUTHS

HOW ABOUT
SCORPIONS?

SCORPIONS AIN'T SO BAD.
THE TARANTULAS ARE WORSE
--REAL NASTY CRITTERS,
--BIG AS YER FIST.

NICE PLACE---

LIEUT. CLICK HUNT OF THE
NEW YORK HOMICIDE SQUAD!
I'M ARRESTING YOU ON SUSPICION
OF MURDERING JIM SKORP

SKORP? HA!-YOU CRAZY!
I JUST COME OUT OF
ARIZONA PEN

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Street,
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I DOUBT IT. I THINK YOU WENT TO NEW YORK TO KILL SKORP. HIS NAME INSPIRED THE MURDER METHOD AND YOU BROUGHT SCORPIONS TO KILL HIM!

SCORPIONS! YOU STUPID! SCORPIONS CAN'T KILL PEOPLE! LOOK!

SCORPION VERY COMMON HERE. I GET STUNG EVERY DAY. NO WORSE'N HORNET BITE!

MAYBE YOU'VE GOT YOURS TRAINED. THE ONES THAT STUNG SKORP KILLED HIM IN A MATTER OF MINUTES.

HE MUST HAVE DIED FROM BIG FRIGHT --MAYBE??

NOT ACCORDING TO THE AUTOPSY HELLO, OPERATOR, CONNECT ME WITH THE NEAREST MUSEUM OR NATURALIST.

HELLO, PROFESSOR. I WANT SOME INFORMATION. CAN THE BITE OF A SCORPION BE FATAL?

FATAL? NO JUST ANNOYING.

I GUESS THAT CLEARS YOU, FRENCHY. BUT I HAVE TO BRING YOU TO TOWN TO MAKE A FORMAL OFFICIAL REPORT.

GLAD TO OBLIGE. BUT IF I WANT TO KILL SKORP, I BRING CORAL SNAKE NOT INSECTS!

OH-OH--LOOKED SOLID, BUT IT'S MUD

NO, NOT MUD--QUICKSAND!!



I'M STUCK! CAN'T GET OUT. DO SOMETHING, MAN!

WHY? IT NOT MY FAULT YOU STEP IN QUICKSAND. ANYWAY, YOU NO FRIEND OF MINE.



WELL, AU REVOIR. I NO THINK I SEE YOU AGAIN. WHAT GO DOWN IN QUICKSAND, NEVER COME UP AGAIN.

THEN A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



JUST LIKE A COP-- ALWAYS SUSPECT THE WORST!! I OUGHT TO LET YOU SINK TO THE BOTTOM!

WELL, I'LL BE-- ARIZONA! SO YOU WERE IN ON THIS, TOO! WHAT A PRIZE SUCKER I AM!



FOR A GAL HALF APACHE INDIAN, I'M PRETTY SOFT. COULDN'T BEAR THINKING OF A POOR NEW YORK COP ALONE AND UNPROTECTED IN THE WILDS OF LOUISIANA SO I FOLLOWED YOU DOWN HERE.

I DON'T GET IT!

WHAT YOU NEED TO COPE WITH THIS KIND OF COUNTRY IS AN INDIAN GUIDE. DO I GET THE JOB?

YOU'LL GET A PROPOSAL AFTER I CLEAN UP. BUT FRENCHY WAS A BUM LEAD. LOUISIANA SCORPIONS CAN'T KILL.

NO? WELL, ARIZONA SCORPIONS CAN-AND DO. THEY ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR SIX TIMES MORE DEATHS THAN RATTLE-SNAKES!



THAT, MY DEAR WATSON,
CHANGES THINGS
CONSIDERABLY.

BUT TELL ME, MY DEAR
SHERLOCK, HOW DID
YOU EVER SOLVE A
CRIME BEFORE I CAME
ALONG?

CLICK MAKES A DESPERATE EFFORT
AND ---

I COME BACK. I OVERHEAR
YOU. VERY SMART YOU
INDIAN GIRL--AND NOW
I KILL YOU BOTH!

YOU PUNKS ARE NEVER
TOUGH WITHOUT A GUN.

DON'T TRY TO SAVE HIM, CLICK!
IT'S USELESS. THAT BEAST'S
TAIL WILL BREAK YOUR BACK
IF YOU TRY!

HOLY SMOKE!
AN ALLIGATOR!
I MUST SAVE
FRENCHY!

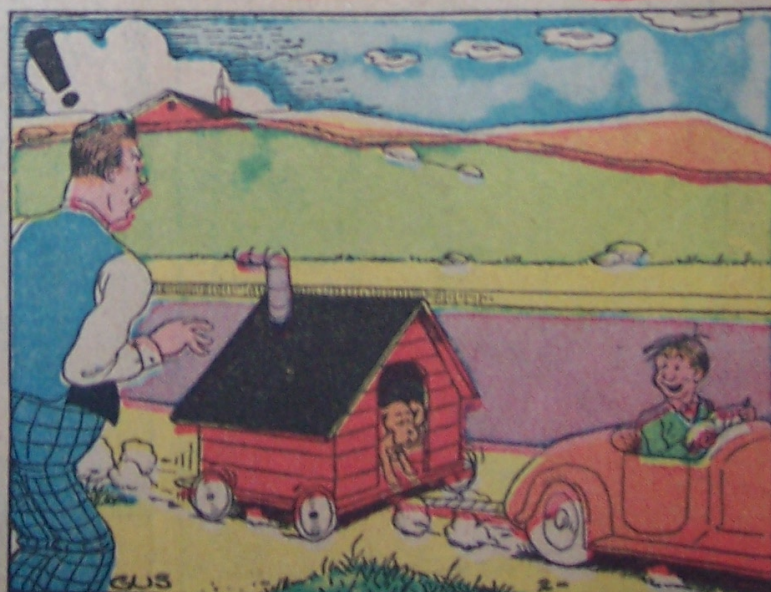
YI-I-I-I-I-I

WELL HE DESERVED HIS FATE
AND THAT SAVES THE STATE
THE EXPENSES OF A
TRIAL AND EXECUTION!

AND NOT ONLY
THAT, DARLING,
BUT THERE'S
A CROWD!

LITTLE HANK AND BIG HANK

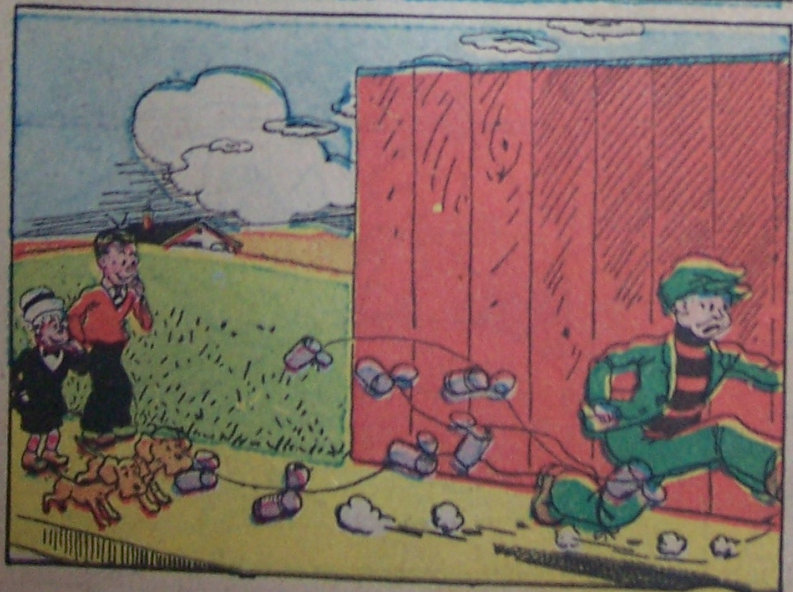




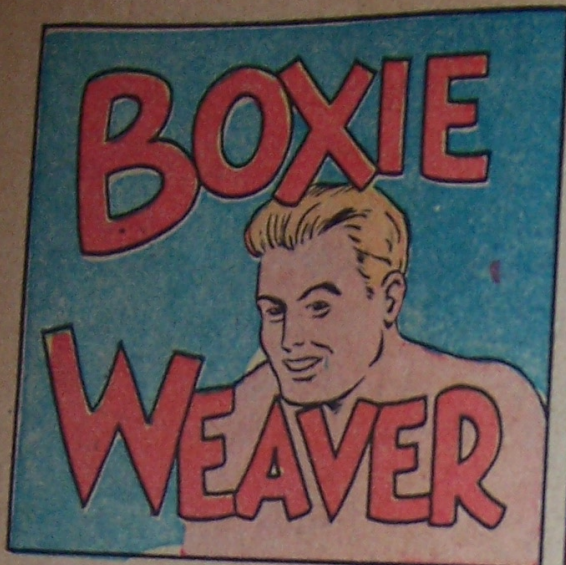
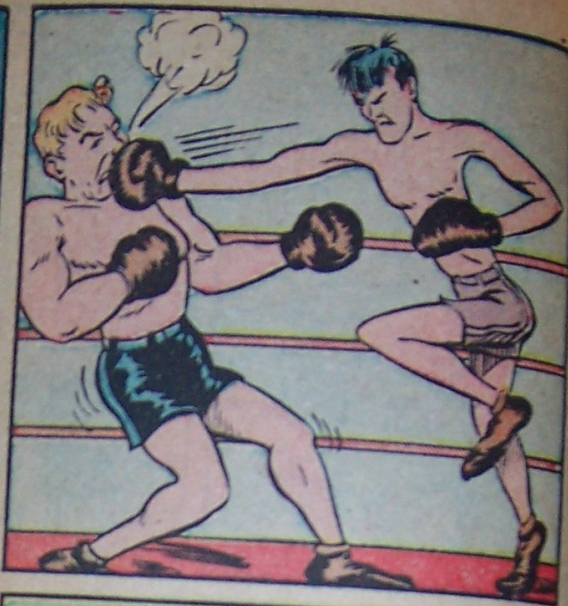




IT'S THAT BIG FELLER ON TH' CORNER...HE'S ALWAYS TRYING TIN CANS ON MY DOG'S TAIL!



BOXIE WEAVER

A close-up portrait of a young man with blonde hair, smiling, wearing boxing gloves and trunks. The name 'BOXIE WEAVER' is written in large, bold, red letters above him.


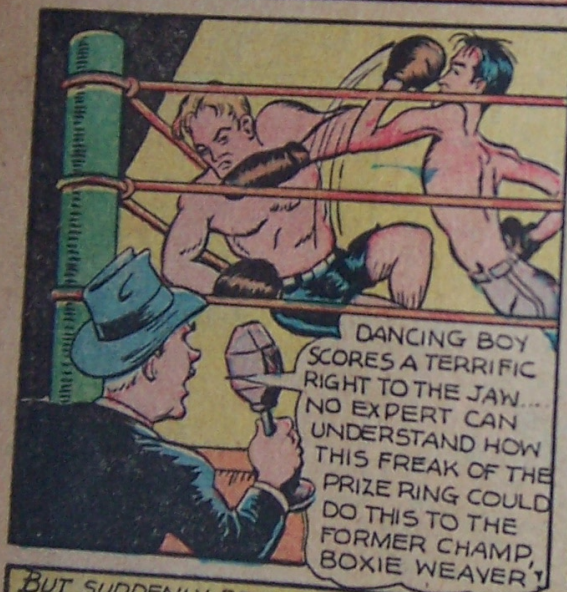
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I CAN
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START
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AND I
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BOXIE, W
TO SEE
ME TO
OF BON
YOU ARE

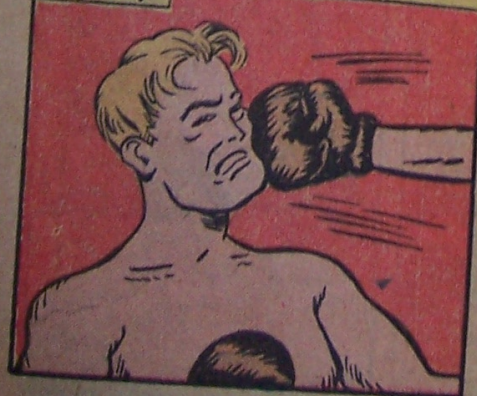


DANCING BOY
SCORES A TERRIFIC
RIGHT TO THE JAW...
NO EXPERT CAN
UNDERSTAND HOW
THIS FREAK OF THE
PRIZE RING COULD
DO THIS TO THE
FORMER CHAMP,
BOXIE WEAVER!



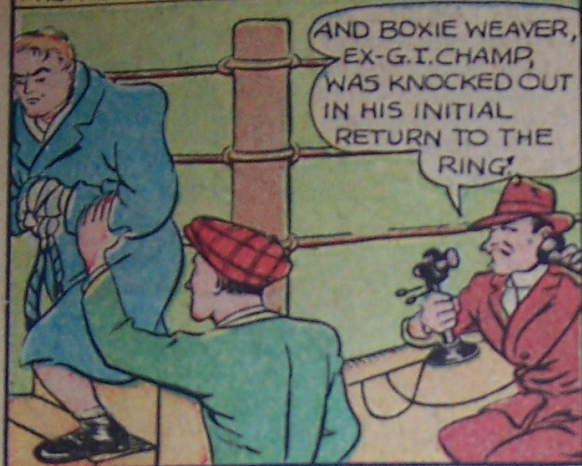
BOXIE WEAVER
COMING UP FROM
THE CANVAS IS
STAGING A SENSATIONAL
COMEBACK!

BUT SUDDENLY, BOXIE'S GREAT
RALLY PETERS OUT. DANCING BOY
COMES BACK WITH A SERIES OF
RAPID-LIKE JABS THAT STAGGER
BOXIE!



BOXIE IS OUT ON
HIS FEET! THIS IS
THE 6TH SENSATIONAL
KNOCKOUT FOR
DANCING BOY!

AS THE DEFEATED BOXIE IS BEING LED FROM THE RING, JIMMY POWERS, SPORTS WRITER, PHONES HIS COPY IN TO HIS SYNDICATE...



AND BOXIE WEAVER, EX-G.I. CHAMP, WAS KNOCKED OUT IN HIS INITIAL RETURN TO THE RING!

DO YOU BELIEVE THE WOUNDS YOU GOT FIGHTING THE GERMANS HANDICAPPED YOU TONIGHT?



NO, I WON'T USE THAT FOR AN ALIBI. I WAS PHYSICALLY FIT WHEN I WAS DISCHARGED.

I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT. EVERYTIME I GOT STARTED, SOMETHING SEEMED TO HIT ME BETWEEN THE EYES AND IT WASN'T DANCING BOY?



THE LONG LAY-OFF IN THE HOSPITAL SLOWED BOXIE UP. YOU'LL SEE A NEW BOXIE WEAVER THE NEXT TIME!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, A REJUVENATED BOXIE BRISKLY STIRS ACE FROM HIS SLEEP...

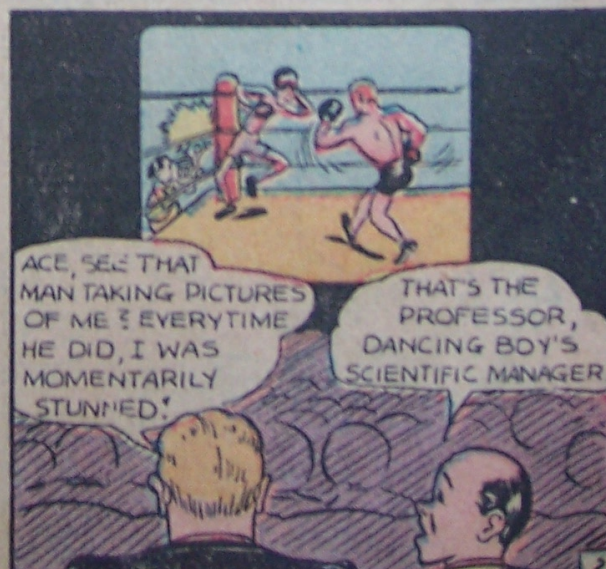


GET UP, ACE! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED DURING THAT FIGHT! THEY HAVE THE PICTURES AT THE NEWS-REEL!

BOXIE, WHY DO YOU WANT TO SEE THIS? IT HURTS ME TO SEE THAT BAG OF BONES SLAPPING YOU AROUND.



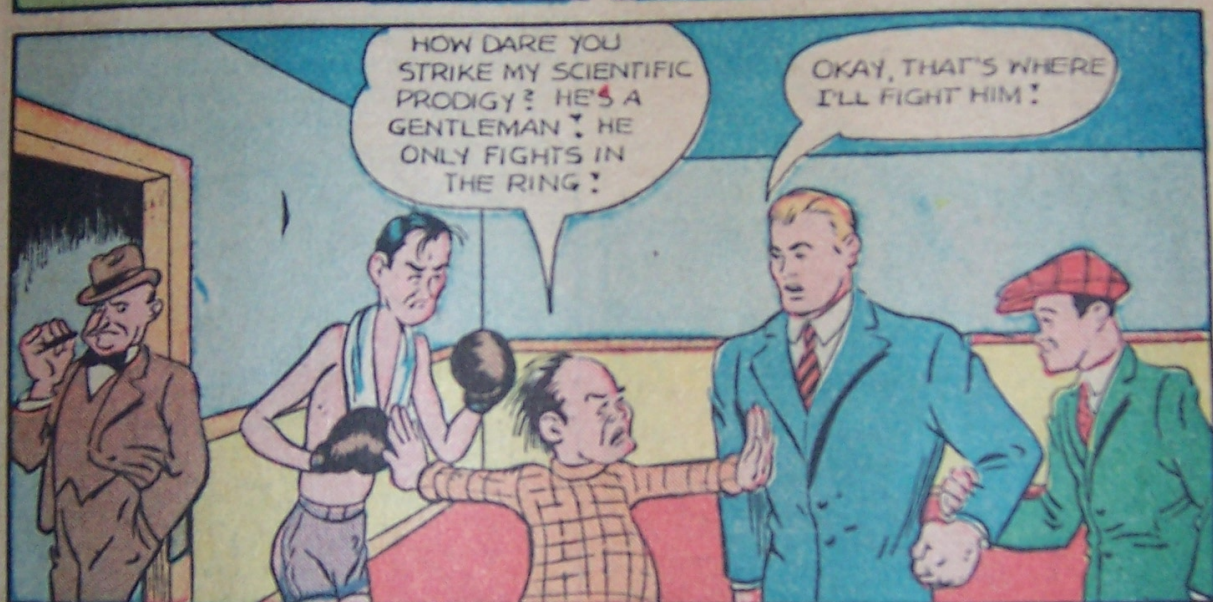
I STILL CAN'T REMEMBER ANY PUNCH OF HIS HURTING ENOUGH TO PUT ME OUT ON MY FEET!



ACE, SEE THAT MAN TAKING PICTURES OF ME? EVERYTIME HE DID, I WAS MOMENTARILY STUNNED!

THAT'S THE PROFESSOR, DANCING BOY'S SCIENTIFIC MANAGER.

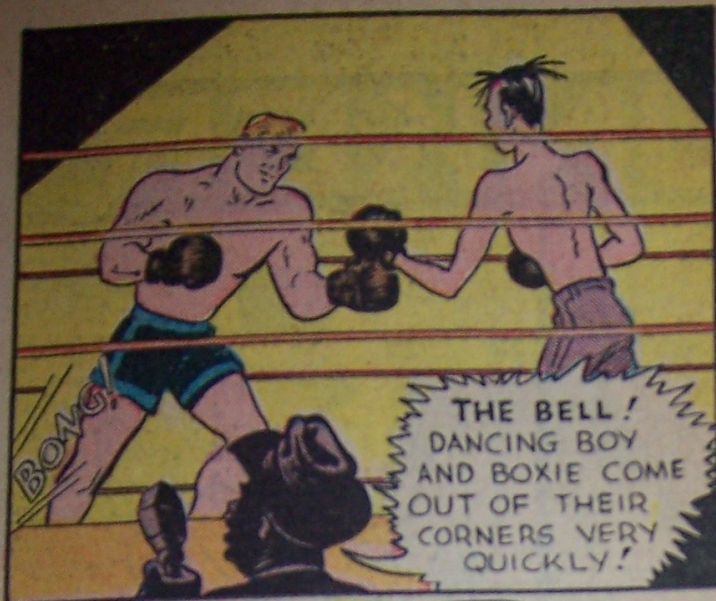




THAT NIGHT AS DANCING BOY LEAVES FOR MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.....



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DEBUNKER



EMPRESS JOSEPHINE

HER TRUE NAME WAS MARIE
JOSEPH-ROSE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE
NEVER JOSEPHINE.



WAS TOM THUMB THE SMALLEST
DWARF EVER KNOWN?

NO, HE WAS ONE OF THE TALLEST
DWARFS; BUT BECAME WORLD FAMOUS
BECAUSE OF BARNUM'S CIRCUS. TOM
THUMB WAS 31 INCHES TALL. THE
SHORTEST OF ALL WAS ALYPIUS OF
ALEXANDRIA - 17 1/2 INCHES TALL.



A MAN DOESN'T DIE ALL AT ONCE.

THE BRAIN SURVIVES 10 MINUTES AFTER DEATH;
HEART MUSCLES, 20 MINUTES; EYES, 30 MINUTES; EAR,
1 HOUR; ARM AND LEG MUSCLES, 4 HOURS; BLOOD MOLECULES,
18 HOURS; BONES, 3 DAYS; SKIN, 5 DAYS.

SODA WATER CONTAINS
NO SODA
IT IS WATER CHARGED
WITH CARBOLIC ACID GAS.

THE WHITE SULTAN OF THE SUDAN

THIS IS A FASCINATING TRUE STORY OF ONE OF THE GREAT EXPLORERS, NATURALISTS AND DOCTORS OF THE 19TH CENTURY.... A WHITE MAN WHO BECAME EMIR PASHA. AS SUCH, HE FOUGHT WITH GENERAL "CHINESE" GORDON IN DARKEST AFRICA AND CAME TO A STRANGE END.



ALLURING AND REPELLING WAS THE ARAB QUARTER OF TRIESTE, 1864.



YES, I AM A EUROPEAN, BORN IN BRESLAU, SILESIA, IN 1840. FROM BOYHOOD I WAS INTERESTED IN NATURAL PHENOMENA. MY HEBRARIIUM AT HOME WAS SOMETHING TO SEE.



I STUDIED MEDICINE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BRESLAU AND TOOK SEVERAL DEGREES BUT...

SORRY, EDWARD SCHNITZER, BECAUSE YOU ARE JEWISH, I CAN'T PASS YOU.



SO I'VE ENDED UP HERE, YANKING TEETH FOR A FEW COPPERS?

I WISH WE COULD HEAR MORE OF YOUR STORY BUT OUR BOAT IS LEAVING. GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK, DR. SCHNITZER!



GET TO WORK!

GET SOMEONE ELSE TO BUTCHER THESE MEN! I'M GOING TO BE A REAL DOCTOR!



SO SCHNITZER, IN 1864, WENT TO THE TOWN OF ANTIVARI IN TURK-HELD ALBANIA.

IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH OF A TOWN.

AYE, BUT THEY HAVE MUCH SICKNESS AND NO DOCTOR.



HIS PRACTICE GREW AND HE WAS APPOINTED SANITARY OFFICER OVER THE DISTRICT.

THIS IS DANGEROUS COUNTRY... MANY BANDITS!

WELL, WE HAVE GUNS, TOO!



ALONE, THE INTREPID DOCTOR BATTLED THE PLAGUES OF THE EAST, IN ANTIVARI.

PASHA, I FEAR THE PLAGUE. LET ME GO BACK!

WE HAVE NO TIME FOR FEAR. THERE IS MUCH WORK TO DO!



FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE FOR US, THE ADMINISTRATION REWARDS YOU WITH THE TITLE OF ENIM PASHA!

I AM MUCH HONORED.



TURKISH, PERSIAN, ARABIC COME EASILY TO ME. MY CAREER LIES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.



BUT AGAIN, THE DOCTOR MOVES ON.

WE WILL MISS YOU, ENIM PASHA.

I'VE DONE WHAT I COULD. THE KHEWIE OF EGYPT HAS NEED OF DOCTORS.



AT THE COURT OF THE EGYPTIAN KHEDEVE--1875

GREETINGS, ENIM PASHA! MEET THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF MY AFRICAN PROVINCE, GEN. "CHINESE" GORDON

I'M GLAD YOU CAME, ENIM PASHA. YOU ARE TO BE MY MEDICAL OFFICER!

I AM HONORED. AFRICA IS NEW TO ME. I'M EAGER TO EXPLORE IT.



AND SO INTO THE DANGEROUS INTERIOR, LAND OF TREACHERY, AMBUSH, SLAVERY

I UNDERSTAND THERE IS A LOT OF SLAVING IN THIS PROVINCE.

THAT IS SO, PASHA!



ARAB SLAVERS BRIBE THE CHIEFS INTO SELLING THEIR PEOPLE AND WHEN FRAUD FAILS



I WILL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO STOP THE SLAVE TRADE IN MY PROVINCE!

THAT WILL BE VERY DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS, PASHA.



THE SLAVERS CAPTURE THE BLACKS BY FORCE



SO ENIM PASHA BEGINS HIS ANTI-SLAVERY CRUSADE.

SORU, OUR CHIEF,
SELLS ALL OF
US WHO ARE NOT
SICK PASHA.

THIS WILL STOP IF
I HAVE ANYTHING
TO DO WITH IT !

IN THE NAME OF THE
GOVERNOR GENERAL, I
COMMAND YOU TO GIVE
BACK THE BRIBE AND
FREE YOUR PEOPLE !

YOUR GUNS COMMAND
PASHA, BUT YOU WILL
NOT GAIN FAVOR
WITH US BY THESE
LAWS.

THE TRADERS OUT-NUMBER
US, SO WE WILL HAVE TO
DRIVE THEM OFF WITH A
SURPRISE ATTACK !

FORWARD ! NO QUARTER
FOR THE ARAB DOGS !

I HAVE SWORN TO STOP
THE SLAVE TRADE AND I WILL !

MUCH THANKS,
PASHA.

I LOOK TOWARD THE
DAY WHEN ALL AFRICA
WILL BE FREE AND
AT PEACE !



AND IN KHARTOUM, "CHINESE" GORDON MEETS HIS DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE MAHDI.



WHILE AT LADO

NOW THAT "CHINESE" GORDON HAS BEEN KILLED, WE MUST PREPARE TO DEFEND OURSELVES

IF THE ARABS BRING A FORCE OF OVER A THOUSAND AGAINST US, WE ARE DOOMED!



AS AT THE ARAB CAMP

7,000 OF THE FAITHFUL HAVE ANSWERED THE CALL!

NOW WE CAN WIP OUT THIS TROUBLE SOME ENIM PASHA. HE CANNOT STAND AGAINST US!



BUT ENIM PASHA HAS A FRIEND IN THE ARAB CAMP

I MUST GET NEWS OF THIS TO LADO BEFORE THEY MARCH!



THE GARRISON MUST BE EVACUATED! THE ARABS MUSTER 7,000 AGAINST YOU!

SOLDIERS TO ARMS! PREPARE TO MARCH TO THE SOUTH!





AS THE FAMOUS EXPLORER, HENRY MORTON STANLEY, RECEIVES THE NEWS.....



AS STANLEY PUSHES INTO THE JUNGLE...

I CAN ONLY HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!



IN THE WADELAI TERRITORY...

ENIM PASHA---WELL AND ALIVE! AND ON THE SHORES OF LAKE ALBERT!

GREETINGS, STANLEY! THANK HEAVENS THAT HELP HAS COME AT LAST TO US!



LEAVE AT ONCE! THE ARAB SPIES HAVE ALREADY MADE INROADS IN THE WADELAI! NO ONE IS TO TRUSTED!

BUT FIRST, I MUST RETURN TO MY GARRISON TO GIVE THEM FINAL ORDERS!



BUT TREACHERY HAS ALREADY REACHED THE GARRISON!

GREAT WILL BE YOUR REWARD IF YOU KILL ENIM PASHA!

WE ARE CUT OFF AND HELPLESS. WE HAVE ONLY TO GAIN BY IT!



AS ENIM PASHA RETURNS...

I COME TO GIVE YOU YOUR ORDERS FOR DEMOBILIZATION!

YOU NO LONGER GIVE ORDERS HERE, ENIM PASHA! SEIZE HIM!



SO THE GOLD OF THE ARAB HAS FOUND YOU! RELEASE ME AT ONCE IN THE NAME OF THE KHEVIVE!





YOU SHALL NOT KILL ME!
THE ARM OF THE KHEVIVE
WILL AVENGE ME.

LET US HEED HIM,
CAPTAIN! HE IS
OUR PASHA!

YOUR WORD HAS BEEN
LAW TOO LONG FOR US
TO DEFY YOU. STAY,
LEAD US AGAINST
THE MAHDI!

I HAVE HAD MY
FILL OF TREACHERY!
YOU HAVE YOUR
ORDERS---NOW
I LEAVE!



UNDER STANLEY'S ESCORT, ENIM PASHA
REACHED GERMAN EAST AFRICA, WHERE
HE PURSUED HIS FINDING IN NATURAL
SCIENCE.



THEY HAVE BEEN
GOOD TO ME HERE. I
ENJOY THIS WORK,
BUT RESEARCH IS
STALE---AFTER MY
EXPERIENCES!

THAT IS A WARNING
OF CANNIBALS. TURN
BACK, PASHA, AS
THE OTHERS HAVE
DONE!

I SEE MY
COURAGE IS NOT
ENOUGH FOR US
BOTH. GOOD-BYE!

ONCE AGAIN, ADVENTURES LURE ENIM PASHA
INTO UNCHARTED JUNGLES.



PASHA, TURN BACK!
THE MEN ARE
AFRAID AND DESERT-
ING!

LET THEM! I
SHALL GO ON!

BUT AT LAST, ENIM PASHA IS FORCED TO
TURN BACK THROUGH BLINDNESS.



THAT LAST VILLAGE...
IF I CAN JUST REACH IT
BEFORE MY SIGHT FAILS
COMPLETELY!



HELP ME!
I --- FALL !



THANK YOU, I HAVE
COME A LONG-
WAY ALONE !

BUT AT LAST TREACHERY CATCHES UP
WITH ENIM PASHA !



QUICK TO THE ARAB
CAMP--TELL THEM
HE IS HERE !

I GO ! THEY
WILL REWARD
US WELL FOR
THIS !



HOURS LATER...

AT LAST WE HAVE
FOUND YOU, ALONE
AND ILL. THIS IS
YOUR DEATH, ENIM
PASHA !

STILL I DEFY YOU
AND YOUR FILTHY
TRADE IN HUMAN
LIFE.



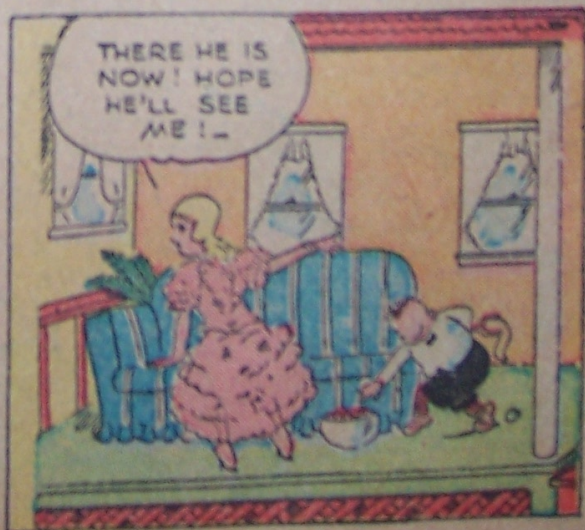
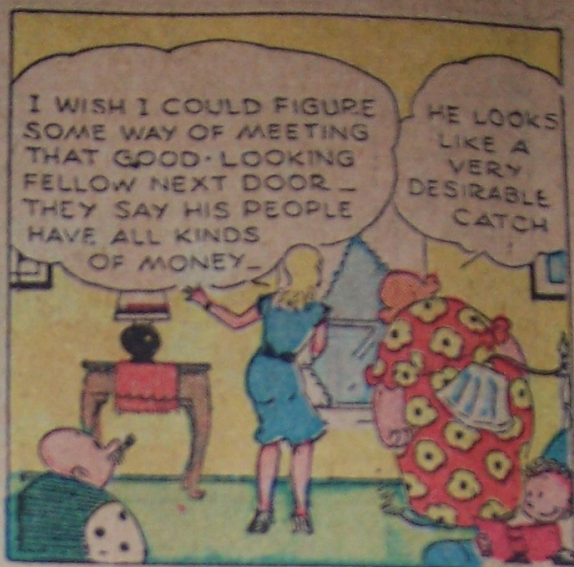
DEATH TO
ENIM PASHA !

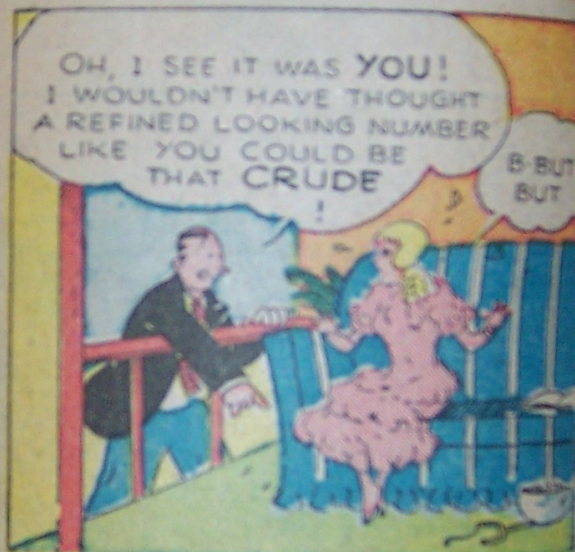
I DIE FIGHTING
YOU AS I HAVE
LIVED !



THUS ENDED ONE OF THE STRANGEST
CAREERS IN THE HISTORY OF THE EAST
AND OF AFRICA.

MARCELLE AND HER MEN





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THE VENGEANCE OF MONTEZUMA

— A True, Fascinating Story

Tall and bronzed and dressed in the feathered mantle of the highest chief, stood the ruler Montezuma, looking out over the floating gardens of Xochimilco. Past the brightly laden boats of fruits and flowers being poled up the canals he gazed, over the squat white roofs of his city, into the shadowy mystery of the towering volcano Popocatepetl.

He turned slowly, bowing to the Earth Goddess Coatlicue, before whose temple he stood. This day was good. Montezuma was satisfied. Was he not ruler of a mighty nation, lord of endless plains and rivers and valleys? Did not thirty vassal states pay tribute to him? Were not his temples the finest, his sacrifices the most lavish? Were not the loveliest maids of the Aztecs, of the Tarascans, of the Toltecs pleased to dance for him?

He was a mighty chief indeed, and today he would have guests. Today the foreign ones who wore shiny metal coats would come to marvel at his golden city, Tenochtitlan. Once they had come before, speaking a strange language like many birds. Their leader was one called Cortez, tall, fiery tempered, sharp to bargain as his sword was sharp. Montezuma did not like Cortez. But liking a man meant nothing. An Aztec must offer hospitality. It was the law.

So the mighty Montezuma waited, while in the streets and shops and homes of Tenochtitlan his people prepared their welcome. They would make sure the foreign ones were impressed. They would prove by their wealth of gold, even on the pavings before the altars, that Tenochtitlan was a city worthy of its name "City of Gold" . . .

Soon Montezuma saw his messenger's canoe rising up the canal from Texcoco. Swiftly the paddler moored his craft, leaped to the shore, ran breathlessly up the steps to the Temple of Coatlicue.

"They have come?" asked Montezuma. The youth lowered his eyes in respect, staring at the gold and blue tiled altar floor.

"They have come, my lord," he answered. "Now they enter the valley of the shadow of Popocatepetl. They are many, o chief."

"Good! The more to admire our city! The more to tell their people over the long water when they return to their homes!" Montezuma raised both arms in signal. Swiftly, around his city flared the bonfires of welcome. Welcome to Hernando Cortez and his men!

Out of Popocatepetl's shade came the for-

eign ones. Following their leader in a long line, they prodded their weary horses over the valley land into the city. Their armor clinked as they rode, glinting in the sun as a thousand mirrors signalling ahead. They sat stiffly in their Spanish saddles, bearing their shields and pikes in formal display. Some had been here before and knew the wealth of Tenochtitlan. Some had only heard the tales of Montezuma's treasure. They would burn and pillage and kill . . . later . . . for that treasure, but now they were riding into Tenochtitlan as friends. As guests of the ruler himself.

In war, reasoned Hernando Cortez, as in love, there are no rules. So be it. He would arrive as Montezuma's guest . . . and then . . .

They entered Tenochtitlan on the streets bordering the floating gardens. Aztec girls tossed gaudy blossoms at the solemn faced Conquistadores. Montezuma's trained animals and comical dwarfs cavorted in the market square, drawing laughter from the festive-minded crowd. All around were signs of welcome, and the foreign ones gaped in disbelief at Aztec wealth. Never in the coffers of Old Spain had such gold and jewels glimmered. The Senoritas of Castile and Barcelona and Cadiz were as beautiful, they thought, yet they wore no clothing spun of gold, as Montezuma's maidens.

And through all the magnificent welcome and the offerings to Coatlicue, Don Hernando smiled, accepting the Aztec hospitality as his due. He let his hosts guess no part of his real intentions, but his eyes shone in greed as he gazed upon the chieftain's riches.

"You are most kind to us, honored chief Montezuma," he said. "The court of Spain might learn true hospitality from you!"

"So?" answered Montezuma, through the girl interpreter Marina, who was Cortez's Indian wife. "It is simple to be a host with a fine guest as you, Don Hernando!"

Neither trusted the other. That was obvious. Yet neither would make an aggressive move. It was a game now, the great Conquistador from across the waters against the powerful Montezuma. Who would live when the sun rose on the morrow?

The foreign ones were quartered in Montezuma's palace, while he slept in the chamber of the Earth Goddess. Montezuma slept fitfully, his intuition warning him against the



sleek Cortez. Outside he could hear the Spanish horses pawing . . . and then . . . dead silence. Silence thick and muffled . . . and finally broken by a thud such as might be made when a limp body fell.

Swiftly Montezuma reached for his obsidian dagger, fixing it to the sheath in his belt. His woven sandals made no sound as he crept from Coatlucue's chamber, out to the shadow of the great temple door, where he could see into his palace grounds without himself being observed.

And there he saw his guests handing his gold, one to the other from inside the palace. The last man loaded the gold to the saddlebags of the waiting horses. Swiftly they worked, and silently. On the stone steps at their feet, Montezuma saw the body of one of his palace guards.

So this was friendship, this was the way Cortez repaid hospitality! Montezuma's fury rose to blood rage as he started toward his palace. Now behind him, his personal servant awoke. Soon all the Aztecs were awake, all aware of the Spaniards' looting. In utter silence, they crept from their homes. Hiding when the moon became suddenly bright, creeping swiftly when it was dark, they made their way to every wooden bridge and exit street of Tenochtitlan. For this strategy had been planned long ago, by Montezuma himself, should the necessity arise.

SILENT AS THE DEAD

He had no time to fight, for when he entered his palace, Montezuma was seized. Struggling mightily, he raged at the indignity. And Cortez laughed as he ripped the ruler's golden breastplate off.

"He will make a good hostage," said the Spanish leader. "Be gone, now, that we may leave this city before the sun rises!"

Bearing Montezuma on a lead horse, the Conquistadores started for the thoroughfares. They saw no one. The city was silent as the dead, and the moon's rays glinting on their armor touched them with ghostly unreality. They neared the first bridge over Xochi-

milco. Cortez' horse balked, whinnying in ominous terror, but his rider dug in spurs and the animal set his hoofs upon the span. Then suddenly, from the opposite end of the bridge rose a sheet of fire!

Wildly Cortez' horse reared, causing those behind him to back in fright. There was little room for many horses and many men to turn, but they did, seeking the next bridge.

Again a fire wall stopped them. And again and again, until they had circled the city, trying each bridge. Still they could see no sign of an Aztec.

"You!" spat Cortez at Montezuma. "This was planned! We were your guests!"

"And we your hosts!" returned the chief. "Do you in Spain pay for your lodging thus? By thieving . . . and murder?"

"Kill him!" roared the furious Spaniard.

But before a lance could find Montezuma's heart, a barrage of stones, and boiling water, and javelins came from every roof in Tenochtitlan. Horses and men ran wild. There was no shelter from the Aztec rage. The bridges were burned. Those who lived through the stones and flying weapons were killed to death.

Cortez leaped into the canal, battling the drowning weight of his heavy armor. He made the opposite bank. Alone, he rode, on a bleeding horse, out of the valley. Behind him his glorious troops lay . . . wasted. Behind him too, although he did not know that, lay Montezuma. He had been hit by an Aztec weapon, hurled by one of his own people.

"Strange are the gods' ways," thought Montezuma, "that I should die thus. It is late. But I have taken the foreign devils with me!"

Weakly he looked for the last time upon the fires of his city. He heard the wailing of the women, dimly saw the bright feathers of a priest's mantle.

He turned to face Coatlucue, the Earth Goddess. His eyes blurring, he looked into the misty shadows of the great guardian volcano Popocatepetl. And suddenly all was still. Montezuma's vengeance was done.

The golden city, Tenochtitlan, was safe.

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FOLLOW ALI BABA ON HIS ADVENTURE OVER THE COUNTRY SIDE IN SEARCH OF GOOD LUCK







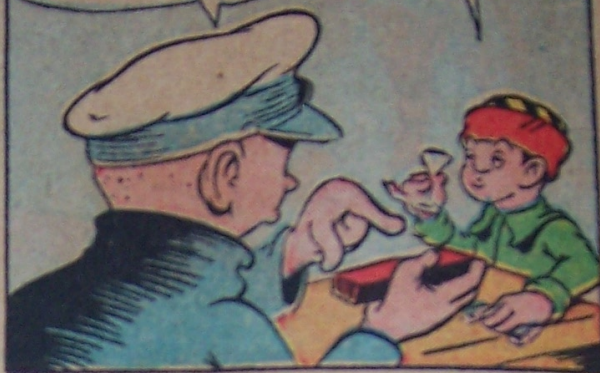
A LI'S DRINKING SPREE IS BEING CLOSELY OBSERVED BY A DESPERATE LOOKING SAILOR.



THEN --

I WOULDN'T DO THAT. DRINKING CAN BE YOUR DOWNFALL. I HAVE SOMETHING BETTER.

G'WA, I DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE (HICK).





ONLY
SO
FAR
ALI
ONLY
SO
FAR







CAN YOU PILOT MOORE MILL FROM EACH SHIP A CROOKED LINE C ADD THE FOUR N TO, TO GET THE YOUR FOUR BO LINES FORK GO E DICE

LET'S PLAY GAMES

A Maze Game

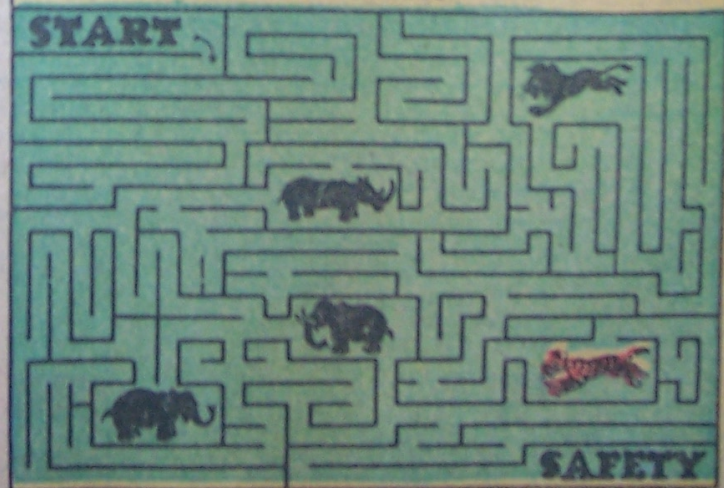


CAN YOU PILOT THESE FOUR BOATS 110 OR MORE MILES? START ONLY ONCE FROM EACH SHIP AND TRACE ALONG ON THE CROOKED LINE COURSES TO THE NUMBERS. ADD THE FOUR NUMBERS THE BOATS LEAD TO, TO GET THE EXACT AMOUNT OF MILES YOUR FOUR BOATS TRAVELED. WHEN THE LINES FORK GO EITHER WAY YOU WISH IN THE DIRECTION OF ARROWS.

HERE ARE THE FOUR-AND-TWENTY BLACKBIRDS THAT WERE BAKED IN A PIE. CAN YOU WIN THIS MAZE GAME BY CATCHING FOURTEEN OR MORE OF THEM FOR THE HUNGRY KING? CHOOSE ANY FOUR OF THE SEVEN DOTS ABOVE THE PIE AND TRACE ALONG ON THE CROOKED LINES TO THE BIRDS. ADD THE FOUR GROUPS YOU BAG TO SEE IF YOU WIN.



HERE YOU ARE IN THE CENTER OF A JUNGLE AND WANT TO PASS THROUGH IT TO SAFETY. THERE ARE ONLY THREE BULLETS IN YOUR RIFLE SO THIS MEANS THAT THREE BEASTS ARE THE MOST YOU CAN SHOOT TO PROTECT YOURSELF. IF YOU GO IN A PATH THAT LEADS TO A FOURTH ANIMAL BEFORE YOU REACH SAFETY, THE GAME IS LOST. PLAY FAIR, DON'T TURN BACK IF YOU LAND IN A PATH THAT LEADS TO AN ANIMAL.



CROOKS CAUGHT SCIENTIFICALLY



CORP. W.W. HORTON, N.Y. STATE TROOPER OF HAWTHORNE BARRACKS TRAINS BLOOD-HOUNDS TO HUNT MISSING PERSONS AND CRIMINALS!

IT REQUIRES FROM 2 TO 3 MONTHS TO TRAIN A BLOODHOUND--STARTING WHEN THE HOUND IS 18 MONTHS OLD.



IN ADDITION TO DOGS, MODERN POLICE USE MANY SCIENTIFIC DEVICES IN THEIR WORK.

20% OF ALL DEATHS REQUIRE OFFICIAL INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES! TODAY SCIENCE HELPS US --



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YOU CAN
WHILE
PLEEING
PERTS
GUILT?



**EXAMINATION
PRECEDES
INVESTIGATION-**

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE
FOR A PERSON
TO PUT A WEAPON
IN THE HAND OF A
DEAD MAN SO IT IS
GRIPPED TIGHTLY! - IF
GRASPED FIRMLY, THEN THE
DEAD MAN HELD IT BEFORE DYING

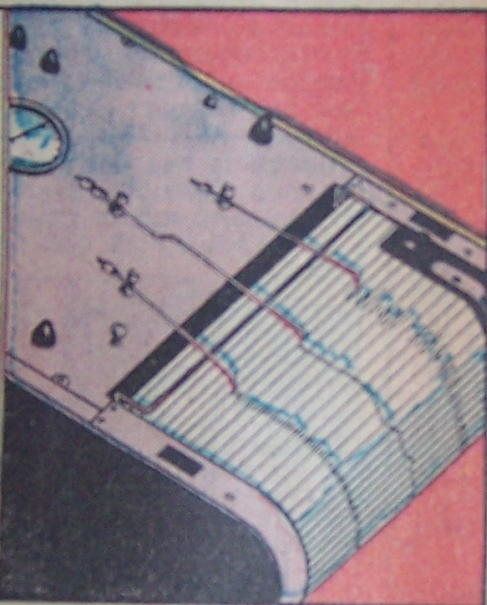


**INVESTIGATION EXPERTS TAKE OVER AT
THE SCENE OF A CRIME**

WE MUST DETERMINE THE EXTENT OF
COAGULATION, DRYING AND CHANGE IN
COLOR OF BLOOD - TO FIND OUT HOW LONG
THE MAN HAS LAIN HERE IS THE BLOOD
RED, BROWN OR BLACK? IS IT MOIST OR
DRY ABOUT THE EDGES?
THESE AND MANY
OTHER POINTS TELL
THEIR OWN STORIES.

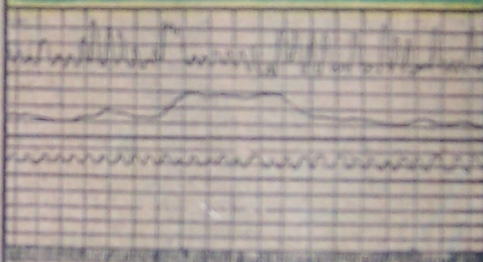


TODAY THERE
ARE SCIENTIFIC
CRIME LABORA-
TORIES IN MANY
COLLEGES WHICH
SERVE POLICE IN
CRIME DETECTION.
OUT OF
NORTHWESTERN
UNIVERSITY CAME
THE "KEELER
POLYGRAPH" TO
DETECT LYING.
THIS INGENUOUS
MACHINE HAS
PROVEN ITSELF IN
CRIME INTERROGA-
TION. IT RECORDS
BLOOD-PRESSURE,
PULSE, RESPIRATION...



BODY REACTION THUS ARE RE-
CORDED ON A GRAPH AS THE
SUBJECT ANSWERS, 'YES' OR, 'NO',
SUGGESTING GUILT OR INNOCENCE.
THE RECORDED REPLIES LOOK
LIKE THIS

GUILTY ANSWER



INNOCENT ANSWER



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE RAP!
WHILE POLICE TRAIL A
FLEEING SUSPECT, EX-
PERTS ESTABLISH HIS
GUILT?



THIS
BULLET FROM
THE BANDIT'S
GUN WILL
CONVICT HIM!



THE BULLET LEFT BEHIND
IS A CLUE BECAUSE NO TWO
GUN-BARRELS ARE ALIKE AND
BULLETS MATCH SPECIFIED GUNS!

GROOVES
AND MARKS LEFT
ON BULLETS
IDENTIFY THE GUN!



THE ANGLE AT WHICH A BULLET ENTERS AN OBJECT TELLS POLICE FROM WHERE A GUN WAS FIRED?

THE BULLET SLANTED DOWNWARD? IT MUST HAVE BEEN FIRED FROM AN UPPER WINDOW OF THIS HOUSE?



THE CAMERA IS A PRIMARY POLICE WEAPON TODAY! IT PHOTOS ACCIDENTS, CRIMES, ETC FOR EVIDENCE --- PHOTO SECTION OF PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPT. IS SHOWN:



MANY MACHINES HELP FIGHT CRIME TODAY, LIKE THE X-RAY! X-RAYS PICTURE BONES AND TEETH - EXPERTS THEN TELL AGE OF PERSON BY SUCH PICTURES!



MANY EXPERTS ARE REAL POLICEMEN, TOO! PATHOLOGISTS AND MEDICAL EXAMINERS DECIDE IMPORTANT POINTS IN A CASE --- AND THE CHEMIST IS A POLICEMAN ALSO!

THESE ARE THE MOST COMMONLY USED POISONS FOR MURDER: ARSENIC, MORPHINE, STRYCHNINE, IODINE, CYANIDE, CHLOROPICRIN, CARBOLIC ACID AND COCAINE!



YOUR POLICE DEPT. CONTAINS MORE THAN A RECEPTION ROOM AND CELL BLOCKS. --- HERE'S A PART OF THE N.Y. CITY POLICE PHOTO GALLERY AND IDENTIFICATION BUREAU!



--AND HERE'S THE BALLISTICS SECTION, DETROIT POLICE BUREAU OF IDENTIFICATION



POLICE TECHNICIANS BEAT THE CLEVEREST CRIMINALS! ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT REVEALS SECRET WRITING?

SEEMINGLY INNOCENT LETTER:

it would be against the general good of all concerned to forget this matter

NON.

Kent

UNDER ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT

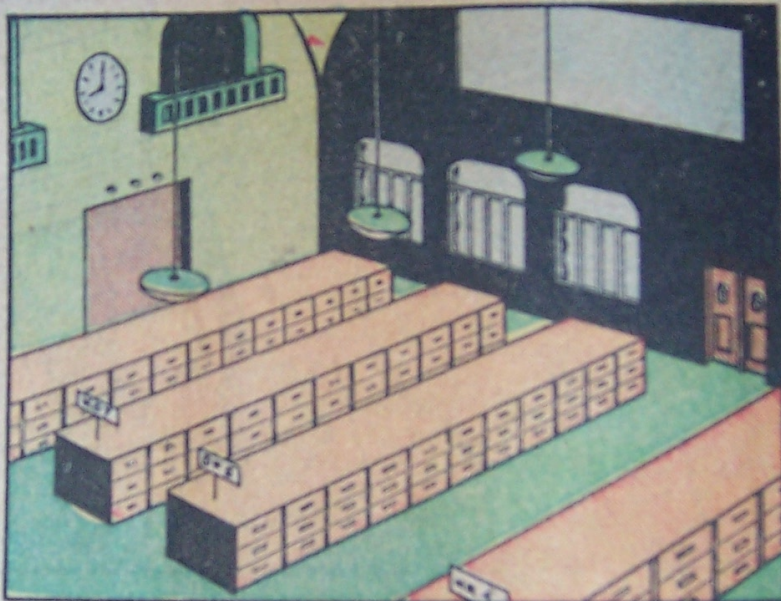
rub out
Joe Mario
56, 430
at Palmers

K

THE CRIME LABORATORY TRIPS THE CROOK! HERE'S THE CINCINNATI POLICE CRIME LAB - NOT LIKE THE OLD-TIME POLICE STATION!



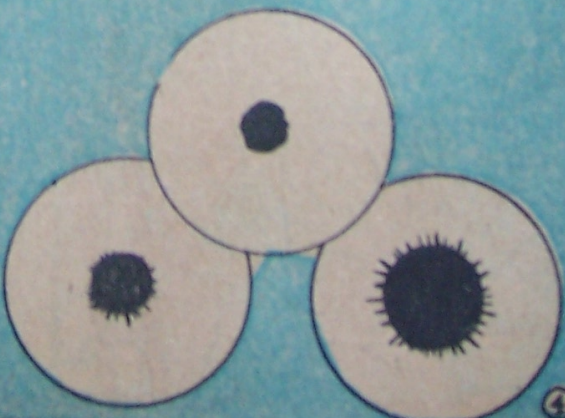
TODAY AN IMPORTANT PART OF OUR POLICE FORCE IS NOT IN UNIFORM OR WALKS A BEAT. --- THE "EXPERTS" BEHIND THE SCENES ARE SELDOM SEEN BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC! THE TECHNICAL BUREAU OF THE F.B.I., WASHINGTON, D.C., IS ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING CRIME DETECTION BUREAUS IN THE U.S.



LABORATORY EXPERTS STUDY A DROP OF BLOOD -- IT'S SIZE AND FORM ARE CLUES!



1st BLOT DROPPED 15 INCHES - LAST BLOT DROPPED 50 INCHES! SHAPE WILL ALSO SHOW DIRECTION OF FALL!





WHEN
U.S.A. CA
TO COME
OPPOSE
IT IS HI
FLY IN

OH-OH-T
GIRL IS HE
FOR TRO

SPEED SPAULDING

WHEN SPEED SPAULDING, STELLAR U.S.A. CADET ATHLETE, REFUSES TO COME TO GRIPS WITH HIS OPPONENT IN A WRESTLING MATCH, IT IS HIGH TIME TO LOOK FOR THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT!

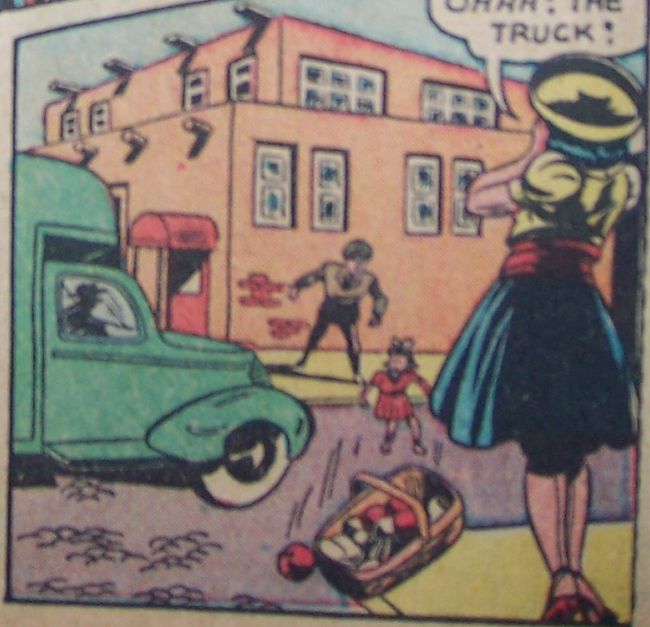


BOLIVIA,
WHERE SPEED IS
THE U.S. ENTRY IN A
PAN-AMERICAN WRESTLING MATCH.

OH-OH - THAT LITTLE
GIRL IS HEADING
FOR TROUBLE!

NINA!
COME HERE!

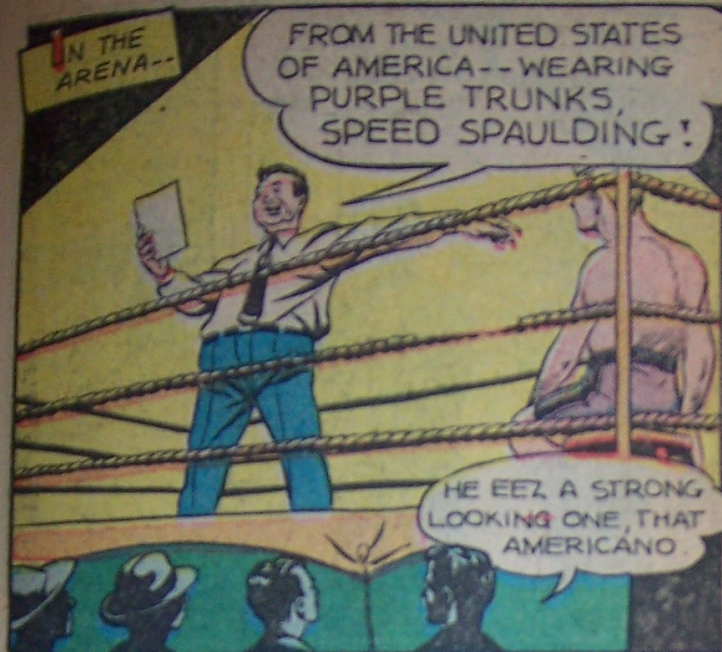
NINA!
OHHH! THE
TRUCK!



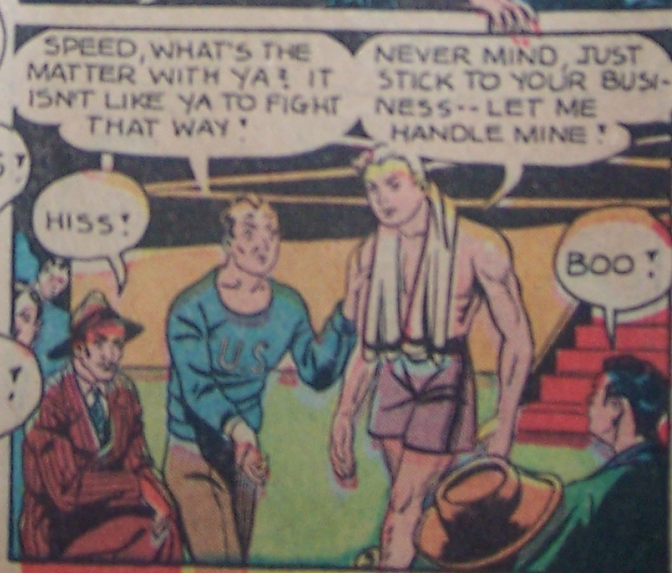
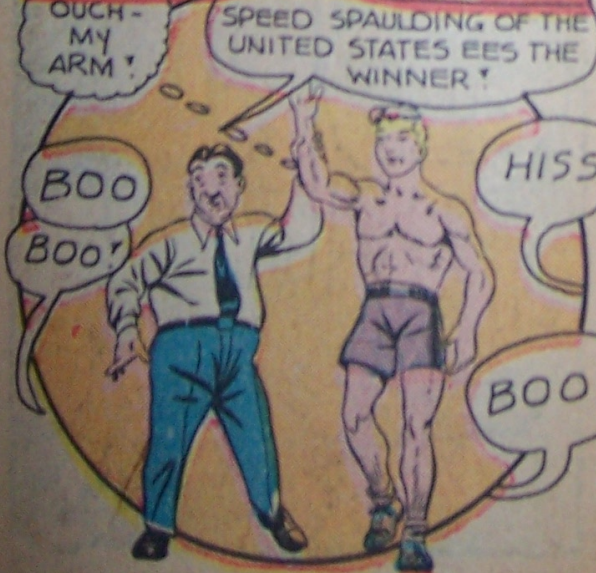
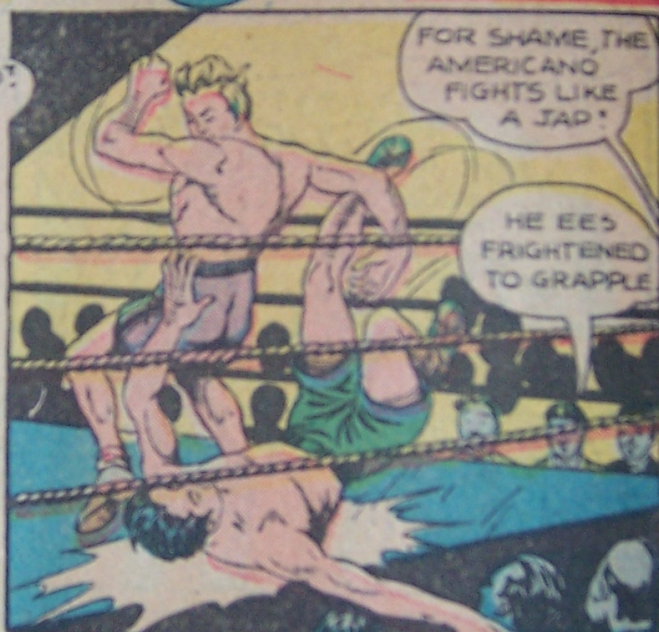


LATER - IN THE DRESSING ROOM BEFORE THE MATCHES.





BUT SPEED REFUSES TO CLOSE IN--INSTEAD





THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG WITH
THAT KID.



OUTSIDE THE
ARENA....

HEY, YOU-
SPAULDING!

YES?



WE DON'T LIKE WAY
YOU FIGHT, SAVVY?
YOU WRESTLE GOOD-
OR ELSE.

SI! WE GOT DOUGH ON
THESE BOUTS AND NO
LIKE TO SEE OUR GUYS
TOSSED AROUND SO EASY!

SO?



SO - WE'LL FIX YA THAT
YOU CAN'T FIGHT -
ANYMORE!

YOU'D BETTER
TRY HARDER
THAN THAT!



YOU PUNKS, BETTING
ON AN AMATEUR
BOUT — OH-H-H-H?

YA GOT HEEM,
ALFONSO. LET'S
GET OUT OF
HERE!



SPEED!
SPEED, BOY!
HELP!
HELP!







A
LITTLE LATER-



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FOR COMIC BOOKS AND NEWSPAPER COMIC STRIPS

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ANATOMY

ACTION

EXPRESSIONS

ANIMATION

LETTERING

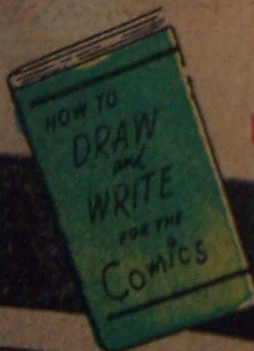
RENDERING

BACKGROUNDS

LAYOUT

STORIES

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WHICH WILL BE SENT ME FREE OF ALL POSTAGE AND C.O.D. CHARGES.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____



TW
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WHI
FLIE

Hell's Angels



TWO MEMBERS OF THE DARING HELL'S ANGELS TRIO, WHO FOUGHT THE JAPS FOR FOUR YEARS, ARE DISCHARGED FROM THE SERVICE. GIL LITTLE AND CLEM WEST CARRY ON THE FIGHTING TRADITIONS OF THE TEAM IN THE JUNGLES OF CENTRAL AMERICA, WHILE LANK STRONG STAYS IN THE FAR EAST AS A U.S. ARMY FLIER.

IN A NEW YORK HOTEL ROOM, GIL AT LAST GETS THE TELEGRAM.

YIPPEE! THIS DOES IT... WE GOT A CIVILIAN AND WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO BIG STUFF, KID.

WOULD YOU MIND LETTING ME IN ON THE DEAL?



REMEMBER MY DAD'S FRIEND WHO OWNS THE TIN MINES IN NICARAGUA? WELL HE WANTS US TO GO DOWN THERE AND DO A LITTLE FLYING FOR HIM, AND THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE...

NICARAGUA? FLYING? GIVE OUT, PAL... I'M ALL EARS.



THEY USE PIPER CUBS TO FLY SUPPLIES AND PAYROLLS UP TO THE MINES IN THE INTERIOR. THE JOB PAYS WELL AND WE'RE ELECTED... BUT MR. ROSS, DAD'S FRIEND, THINKS THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY GOING ON AT THE MINES AND HE WANTS US TO FIND OUT THE SCORE. OKAY?



YOU BET IT'S OKAY. WHEN DO WE START?

VERY SOON ON THE PANAMA CLIPPER.



THAT NIGHT...

GOSH, GIL... IT SEEMS FUNNY TO BE RIDING IN A PLANE AS A PASSENGER.

YEAH... I KIND OF EXPECT A ZEKE OR A VAL TO COME POPPING DOWN AT US WITH ALL GUNS BLAZING BUT THAT'S OVER NOW.



THE BOYS ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION AND...

THAT STATION WAGON MUST BE WAITING FOR US, MR. ROSS HAD WIRED THE MINE MANAGER.

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



AGUA? GIVE
...ARS.

ARE YOU FROM
THE AJAX
MINES?

NO, FROM THE GIRLS
SCHOOL... IF YOU ARE
THE PILOTS, HOP IN.
GOTTA GET BACK
BEFORE THE STORM
HITS. WE'RE IN THE
RAINY SEASON.

HMM...
NICE BOY.



SUDDENLY A TROPICAL STORM BREAKS...

WOW, LOOK
AT THAT
RAIN.

I TOLD YOU GUYS
IT WAS THE RAINY
SEASON.



LATER...

HOME WAS
NEVER LIKE THIS.

ALRIGHT.. UNLOAD
WERE HERE.



ARE YOU
MR. MARTINEZ,
THE MANAGER?

NO, I AINT
MARTINEZ. YOU
AINT GONNA FIND
MARTINEZ UNLESS
YOU DIG SIX FEET
DOWN... HE DIED
KINDA SUDDEN. I'M
BROWNIE THE NEW
MANAGER. WHO'RE
YOU?



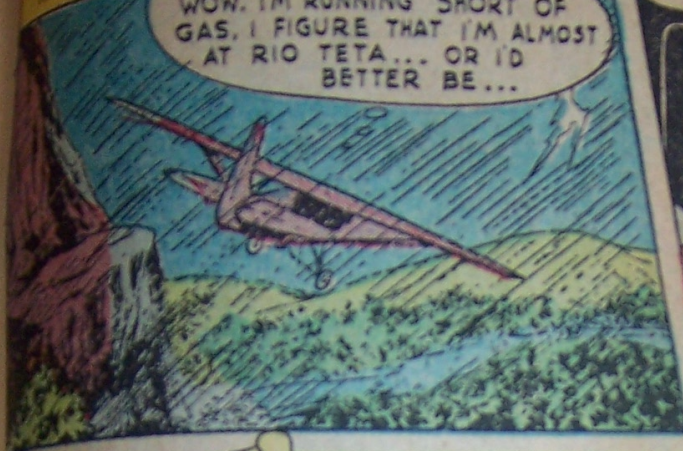






BUT WHAT OF GIL? HOW IS HE GETTING ALONG ON HIS DANGEROUS FLIGHT?

WOW, I'M RUNNING SHORT OF GAS, I FIGURE THAT I'M ALMOST AT RIO TETA... OR I'D BETTER BE...



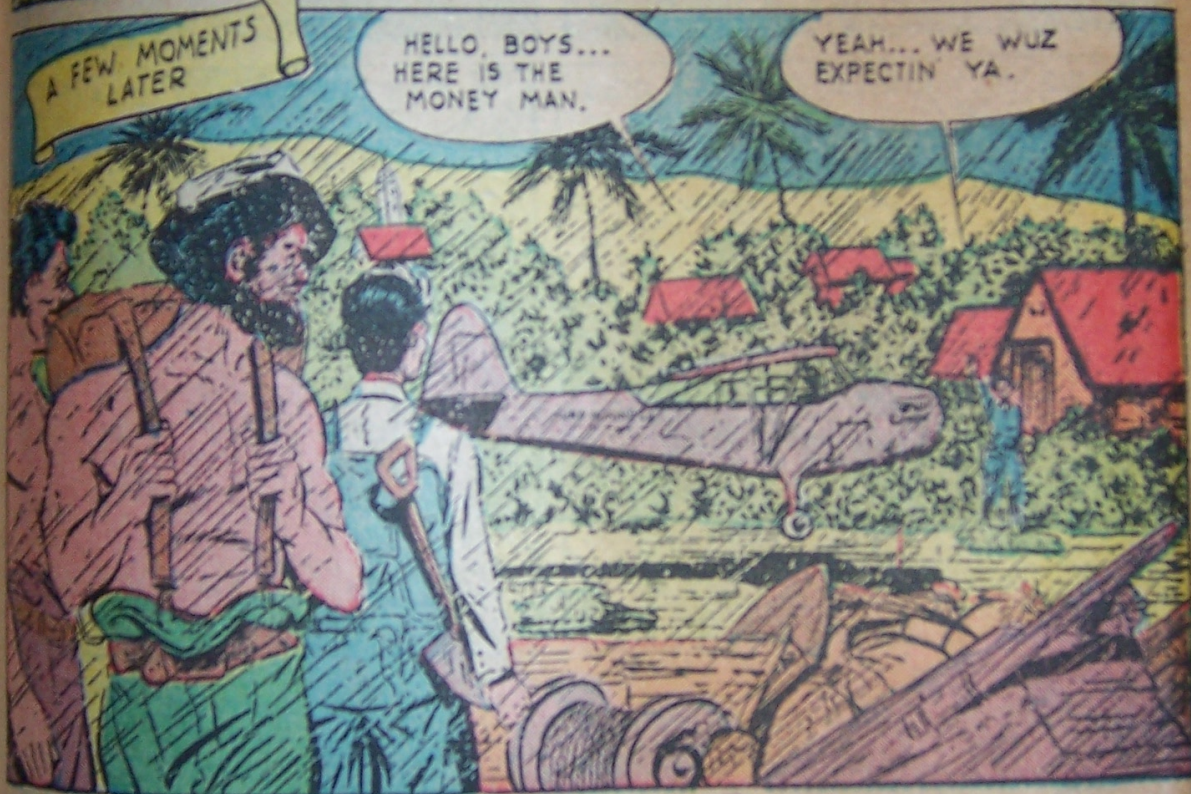
WELL, NOW LOOKY HERE... THE FLARES ARE LIT BELOW... AND WHERE THERE'S A LANDING FIELD... I'M GOING!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER

HELLO, BOYS... HERE IS THE MONEY MAN.

YEAH... WE WUZ EXPECTIN' YA.



SO THIS IS WHAT A TIN MINE LOOKS LIKE.

YEAH, LOOK AT DOSE NATIVES, SLINKY.

YEAH... DEY TINK DEY'RE GONNA GET SOME OF THIS DOUGH. HAW! HAW! DEY DON'T KNOW DAT DIS IS JUST OUR CUT.



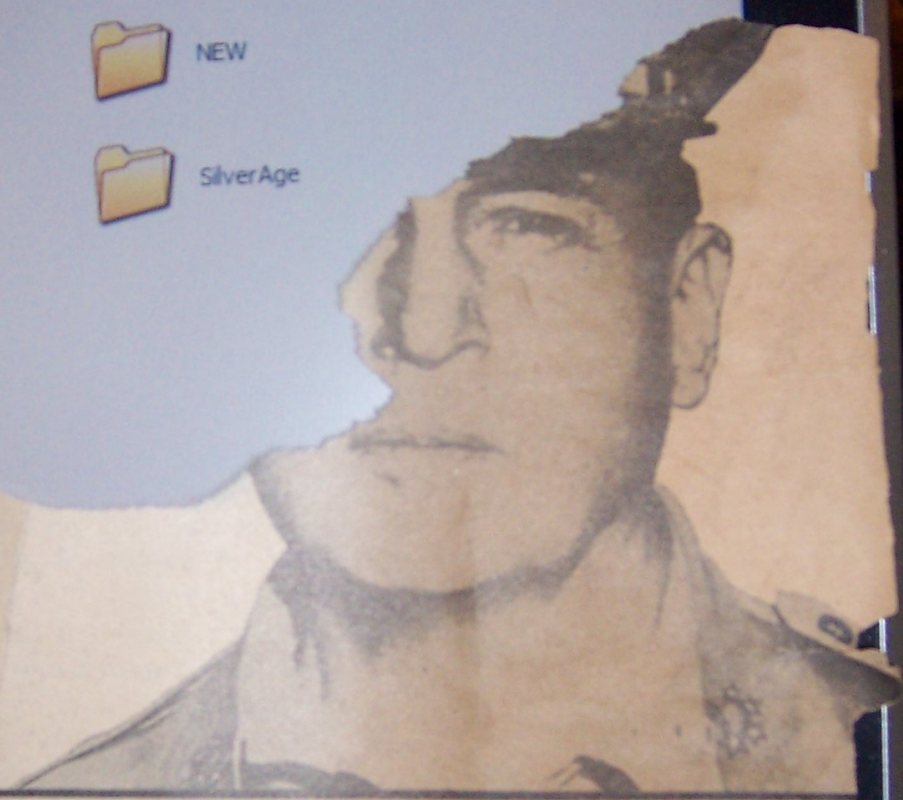


YOU
WAY
T!





- ARCHIE
- Dell GK
- Manga
- NEW
- Silver Age



"Out of the blood and carnage of the past, a better world must emerge, founded upon faith and understanding among peoples of every race and creed, and dedicated to the fulfillment of man's most cherished wish for tolerance and justice. Today freedom is on the offensive; democracy is on the march."

Douglas MacArthur



when You

READ for YOURSELF!

- To Date A Girl
 - To Interest Her
 - To Win Her
 - To Express Your
 - To "Make Up"
 - To Have "Per-
- How To Look Your Best
 - How Not To Offend
 - How To Be Well-Mannered
 - How To Overcome "Inferiority"
 - How To Hold Her Love
 - How To Show Her A Good Time

2 MORE LUVABLE PAGES!



LET'S

BECAUSE WE HAVOTS OF GET A NEW JOBS! Read GET MOVY WITH GIRLS

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